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### Senior Recital: Julia Callaghan, soprano

Julia Callaghan

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# SENIOR RECITAL:

Julia Callaghan, soprano

Muse Ye, piano

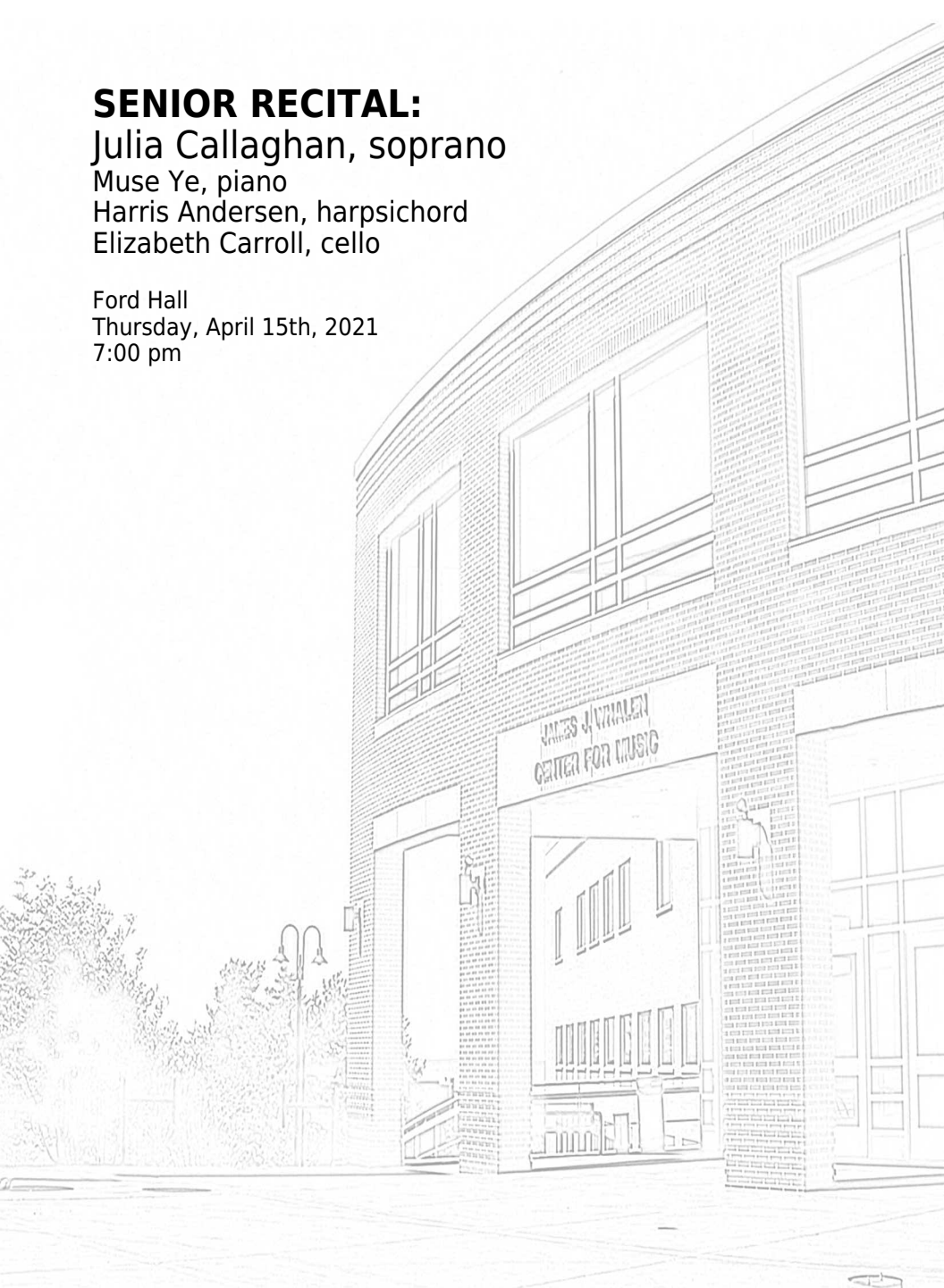
Harris Andersen, harpsichord

Elizabeth Carroll, cello

Ford Hall

Thursday, April 15th, 2021

7:00 pm



## ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

*S'altro Che Lacrime*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Le Violette*

Domenico Scarlatti  
(1685-1757)

*Beau Soir*  
*Les Papillons*  
*En Sourdine*  
*Nuit d'Etoiles*

*Harris Andersen, harpsichord*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

*Nimmersatte Liebe*  
*Die Spröde*  
*Elfenlied*  
*Der Tambour*

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

## Intermission

*Lagrima Mia*

*Harris Andersen, harpsichord*  
*Elizabeth Carroll, cello*

Barbara Strozzi  
(1619-1677)

*These Strangers*  
*In the Midst of Thousands*  
*I Did Not Speak Out*  
*Passing Stranger*

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

*Svarta Rosor*  
*Drömmen*  
*Var det en dröm?*

Jean Sibelius  
(1865-1957)

# Translations

## S'altro Che Lacrime

S'altro che làgrime per lui non tenti,  
tutto il tuo piangere non gioverà.  
A questa inutile pietà che senti oh,  
quanto è simile la crudeltà.

## If You Cannot Bestow

If you cannot bestow  
upon him anything but your tears,  
all of your weeping will be for naught.  
To this useless pity you feel,  
O, how similar is outright cruelty!

Translation © by Andrew Schnieder

## Le Violette

Rugiadose Odorose Violette graziose,  
Voi vi state Vergognose,  
Mezzo ascose Fra le foglie,  
E sgridate Le mie voglie,  
Che son troppo ambiziose.

## The Violets

Dewy, fragrant, charming violets,  
You stand there modestly,  
Half hidden among the leaves,  
And ridicule my wishes  
Which are too bold.

Translation © by Bard Suverkrop

## Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières  
sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs  
de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir  
des choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au  
monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir  
est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va  
cette onde:  
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Poem by Paul Bourget

## Beautiful Evening

When at sunset the rivers are pink  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of  
wheat,  
All things seem to advise content -  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
Advise us to savor the gift of life,  
While we are young and the evening fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb!

Translation © by Richard Stokes

## Les papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?  
Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me pouvaient prêter leurs ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?  
Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses

## Butterflies

Snow-colored butterflies  
swarm over the sea;  
beautiful white butterflies, when might I  
take to the azure path of the air?  
Do you know, O beauty of beauties,  
my jet-eyed bayadère—  
were they to lend me their wings,  
do you know where I would go?  
Without kissing a single rose,

À travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Poem by Théophile Gautier

### En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.  
Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.  
Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.  
Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.  
Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

Poem by Paul Verlaine

### Nuit d'Étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.  
La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.  
Nuit d'étoiles ...  
Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.  
Nuit d'étoiles ...

Poem by Théodore Faullin de Banville

across valleys and forests  
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,  
flower of my soul, and there would die.

Translation © Richard Stokes

### Muted

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by loft boughs,  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet.  
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our enraptured senses  
With the hazy languor  
Of arbutus and pine.  
Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,  
And from your heart now lulled to rest  
Banish forever all intent.  
Let us both succumb  
To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes to ruffle at your feet  
The waves of russet grass.  
And when, solemnly, evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
The nightingale shall sing.

Translation © Richard Stokes

### Night of Stars

Night of stars,  
Beneath your veils,  
beneath your breeze and fragrance,  
Sad lyre  
That sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.  
Serene melancholy  
Now blooms deep in my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Quiver in the dreaming woods.  
Night of stars...  
Once more at our fountain I see  
Your eyes as blue as the sky;  
This rose is your breath  
And these stars are your eyes.  
Night of stars...

Translation © Richard Stokes

### **Nimmersatte Liebe**

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!  
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:  
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb  
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?  
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr,

Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,  
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.  
Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund  
Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten;  
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,  
Da wir uns heute küssten.  
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,  
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;  
Ihr Auge bat nur immer zu!  
Je weher, desto besser!  
"So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,  
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,  
Und anders war Herr Salomo,  
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Poem by Eduard Mörike

### **Die Spröde**

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen  
Ging die Schäferin und sang,  
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,  
Daß es durch die Felder klang,  
So la la! le ralla!  
Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen  
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,  
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;  
Doch sie sang und lachte fort,  
So la la! le ralla!  
Und ein andrer bot ihr Bänder,  
Und der dritte bot sein Herz;  
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern  
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,  
Nur la la! le ralla!

Poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### **Insatiable Love**

Thus is love! Thus is love!  
It cannot be satiated with kisses:  
Who is such a fool as to try to fill  
A sieve with nothing but water?  
And if you scooped water for a thousand  
years;  
And kissed for ever and ever,  
You would never manage to satisfy love.  
Love, love has strange new yearnings  
Every hour of the day;  
We wounded our lips with bites  
When we kissed each other today.  
The maiden held perfectly still,  
Like a little lamb under the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: just continue,  
The more it hurts, the better!  
Thus is love, and has been thus  
As long as there has been love,  
And Solomon, the wise one, was  
Not in love any differently.

Translation © Sharon Krebs

### **The Coy One**

On the clearest of spring mornings  
The shepherdess went out and sang,  
Carefree, young and beautiful,  
Till it echoed through the fields,  
So la la! le ralla!  
Thyrsis offered her for a kiss  
Two, three lambs without delay,  
She looked on archly for a while;  
But went laughing and singing on her way,  
So la la! le ralla!  
And another offered ribbons,  
And a third bid his heart;  
But she made fun of heart and ribbons,  
As she had done with the lambs,  
Only la la! le ralla!

Translation © Richard Stokes

## Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:

"Elfe!"

Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief  
- Wohl um die Elfe -

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal Bei  
seinem Namen die Nachtigall,  
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.  
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,

Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,  
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,  
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,  
Und humpelt also tippe tapp  
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,  
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,  
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.

"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?  
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:  
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,  
Und treibens in dem Saale;

Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"  
- Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!  
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?  
Gukuk! Gukuk!

Poem by Eduard Mörike

## Elf Song

At night in the village the watchman called  
out:

"Eleven!"

A tiny little elf was sleeping in the forest --

Just at eleven o'clock! --

And he thinks that from out the valley  
The nightingale must have called him by  
name,

Or that Silpelit might have called to him.  
The elf rubs his eyes,  
Steps out in front of his snail-shell house,  
And is like a drunken man,  
For his little sleep was not long enough;  
And he hobbles about thus, tip tap  
Through the hazelwood down into the  
valley,

Slips along closely beside the wall;  
There sits the glow-worm, light upon light.

"What bright windows are those?

There must be a wedding celebration  
inside;

The little folk are sitting at the feast  
And carousing about in the ballroom.  
I shall just peep inside a bit!"

-- Faugh! he bumps his head against hard  
stone!

Well, elf, I guess you've had enough?  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Translation © Sharon Krebs

## Der Tambour

Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt',  
Da müsst' sie mit dem Regiment  
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,  
Und wär' die Marketenderin.  
Im Lager wohl um Mitternacht,  
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,  
Und alles schnarchet, Ross und Mann,

Vor meiner Trommel säss' ich dann:  
Die Trommel müsst' eine Schüssel sein;  
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein;  
Die Schlegel, Messer und Gabel,  
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,  
Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,  
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.  
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,  
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt:

## The Drummer Boy

If my mother could work magic  
She'd have to go with the regiment  
To France and everywhere,  
And be the vivandière.  
In camp, at midnight,  
When no one's up save the guard,  
And everybody - man and horse - is  
snoring,

Then I'd sit by my drum:  
My drum would be a bowl,  
With warm sauerkraut in it,  
The sticks would be a knife and fork,  
My sabre - a long sausage;  
My shako would be a tankard  
Filled with red Burgundy.  
And because I lack light,  
The moon shines into my tent;

Scheint er auch auf franzö'sch herein,  
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:  
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spass ein End!  
—Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt'!

Poem by Eduard Mörike

And though it shines in French,  
It still reminds me of my beloved:  
Oh dear! There's an end to my fun!  
– If only my mother could work magic!

Translation © Richard Stokes

### Lagrimie Mie

Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?  
Perchè non isfogate il fier dolore che mi  
toglie 'l respiro e opprime il core?

Lidia che tant'adoro,  
perch'un guardo pietoso,  
ahi,

mo donò il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.  
Tra due mura rinchiusa  
sta la bella innocente dove giunger non  
può raggio di sole;  
e quel che più mi duole ed accresc'al mio  
mal tormenti e pene,  
è che per mia cagione provi male il mio  
bene.

E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete? Lagrimie  
mie, à che vi trattenete?

Lidia, ahimè, veggio mancarmi l'idol mio  
che tanto adoro;  
sta colei tra duri marmi,  
per cui spiro e pur non moro.

Se la morte m'è gradita,  
hor che son privo di speme,  
deh, togliete mi la vita,  
ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.

Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentar mi  
maggiormente la sorte mi nega anco  
la morte.

Se dunque è vero,  
o Dio, che sol del pianto  
mio il mio destino ha sete;  
lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?

### Lament (My Tears)

My tears, why do you hold back?  
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce  
pain  
that takes my breath and oppresses my  
heart?

Lidia, whom I so much adore,  
Because she looked on me with a pitiable  
glance  
is imprisoned by her strict father.  
Between two walls  
the beautiful innocent one is confined,  
where the sun's ray can't reach her;  
and what grieves me most,  
and adds torment and pain to my agony,  
is that my beloved  
suffers on my account.

And you, sorrowful eyes, you don't cry?  
My tears, why do you hold back?

Alas, I yearn for Lidia,  
my idol whom I so much adore;  
she's captured in hard marble,  
she for whom I sigh and yet do not die.

Because I welcome death,

now that I'm deprived of hope;  
Ah, take away my life,  
I pray to you, my bitter pain.

But well I realize that to torment me  
even more fate denies me even death.

Since it's true, oh God,  
that vicious Destiny  
thirsts only for my wailing,



My tears, why do you hold back?

Translation © Jennifer Gliere

## Svarta Rosor

Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,  
du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?  
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dagän när  
jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;  
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.  
I mitt hjärta där växer ett rosendeträd,  
som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,  
och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,  
och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;  
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.  
Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,  
än vita som döden, än röda som blod.  
Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,  
i hjärtträdets rotter det rycker och slår;  
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Poem by Ernst Josephson

## Black Roses

Say, why are you so sad today,  
You, who are always so happy and glad?  
I am sad no more today  
Than when I think of you happy and glad;  
For sorrow has roses black as night.  
In my heart there grows a tree,  
Which never grants me rest,  
upon its stems hangs thorn after thorn,  
it causes me endless suffering and pain;  
For sorrow has roses black as night.  
But there is a whole treasure of roses,  
Some white as death, some red as blood.  
It grows and grows. I believe I pale,  
in my heart-tree's roots it tugs and pulls;  
For sorrow has roses black as night.

Translation © Daniel M. Grimley

## Drömmen

Tröttad lade jag mig ned på bädden,  
Att i sömnen glömma sorg och saknad,  
Men en dröm sig smög till hufvudgården,  
Hviskande uti mitt öra detta:  
"Vakna, hon är här, den sköna flickan,  
Blicka upp, att hennes kyss emotta!  
"Och jag slår med glädje upp mitt öga.  
Hvar är drömmen? Som en rök  
försvunnen.  
Hvar är flickan? Bortom land och sjöar.  
Hvar är kyssen? Ack, blott i min längtan.

Poem by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

## The Dream

Tired I lay down on my bed  
In sleep forgetting sorrow and loss,  
But a dream stole the bed's head,  
Whispering this in my ear:  
"Wake up, she is here, the fair maiden,  
Look up, to receive her kiss!"  
And gladly I open my eyes.  
Where is the dream? Vanished like smoke.  
Where is the maiden? Beyond fields and  
lakes.  
Where is the kiss! Alas, only in my longing.

Translation © Maria Forsström

## Var det en dröm?

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång jag var  
ditt hjärtas vän?  
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,  
då strängen darrar än.  
Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,  
en blick så blyg och öm;

## Was it a Dream?

Was it a dream, that once upon a blissful  
time  
I was your heart's friend?  
I remember it like a silent song  
Whose melody still lingers on.  
I remember you gave me a rose

jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.  
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort  
uti en vågrön ängd,  
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort  
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst  
vid bittra tårars ström:  
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst, det var  
din bästa dröm!

Poem by Josef Julius Wecksell

With a look so shy and tender,  
I remember the glistening of a parting  
tear,  
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,  
So brief in the verdant meadow,  
Whose beauty quickly withers away  
Within an ocean of new flowers

But on many a night I hear a voice  
Through a stream of bitter tears.

Hide this memory deep in your heart  
For this was your best dream.

Translation © David McCleery

## Program Notes

**“S’altro che Lacrime”** is an aria from Mozart’s opera *La Clemenza di Tito* (“The Clemency of Titus”). This piece is sung by Servilla who has stumbled upon Vitellia while she is crying because Sesto is being put to death. Servilla sings this aria to tell Vitellia that tears will not save Sesto from execution but Servilla does not know that Vitellia is actually crying over the guilt she bears. Sesto is to be executed for a crime that Vitellia committed.

**“Le violette”** is an aria from the opera *Il Pirro e Demetrio* and is sung by Mario, a young boy who is in love with someone who he is not sure shares the same interest in him. The piece is light and cheerful which is very similar to lightness and youth that can be found within the lyrics. Mario is in a garden talking to the violets as he wonders if he is much too ambitious for pursuing the one he loves.

**Claude Debussy** (1862-1918) was an amazing composer who introduced so much life and depth into the musical world. He is known for his ability to use texture and variation to transport the listener into the mood of the piece. The pieces within this set are vivid depictions of very specific concepts such as how nature reminds us of the beauty and briefness of life. The concepts are very specific and obscure at times but the compositions perfectly encapsulate the mood of each poem making for a beautifully compelling experience.

*Beau Soir* is an enchanting composition that demonstrates the beauty of life through a description of the sun setting over the water. The piece begins with a piano part that mimics the rolling movement of waves and a vocal line that is steady like the setting sun. There is movement and restlessness within the music as the lyrics mention the hardships and troubles of humanity but by the end of the piece there is a release as the vocal line fades and the piano returns with the same wave-like texture as the beginning. The poem urges the listener to enjoy life while they live it because life is a cycle; as the waves go to the sea, we go to the tomb.

*Les Papillons* takes the listener from gorgeous imagery of snow white butterflies flying over the sea to a vivid description of how the speaker wishes to travel to their love. The accompaniment is light and moving much like a butterfly flaps its wings while the melodic line rings over the top declaring love and describing all that the speaker would do to be with their love.

*En Sourdine (Fêtes gallants I)* paints a picture of an intimate moment shared between two lovers at twilight in the forest. The melodic line and piano accompaniment work together to create a sense of serenity that grows into restlessness, building as the sun lowers and settling together when sun goes down and the nightingale sings.

*Nuit D’etoiles* is one of the first pieces Debussy had published and it was written when he was 18 years old. The piece is very ethereal as it paints a picture of a starry night and lost love. The piano is light and moving like the twinkling of the stars while the lyrics describe a lover. This is a clear declaration at first but towards the end of the piece the music becomes more and more quiet and somber like the love that slipped away.

**Hugo Wolf** (1860-1903) was an Austrian composer who was exceptionally talented in art song composition. His artistic career was sporadic as he would have times of great inspiration and compose many songs within a short period of time followed by periods

of low productivity. The pieces in this set are from a period of inspiration that Wolf found within the poetry of Eduard Morike (1804-1875) and the poetry of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). This occurred in 1888-1889, during this time Wolf composed at an astounding pace. He composed every piece in this set within that short period along with many other pieces. The pieces in this set are wild and fanciful as they are full of text painting and storytelling. Each piece features a unique tale with captivating characters making the whole set a series of journeys the listener is invited to go on.

*Nimmersatte Liebe* is one of Wolf's more sensual pieces but it is also very playful and surprising. We are able to see intimacy through the lens of youthful excitement and experimentation. The accompaniment and the melodic line have an interesting relationship throughout the piece. In the beginning the two parts never truly line up, playing off beats of each other and filling in the silence for each other but by the end the two parts are in rhythmic unison symbolizing a joining of the two.

At first glance *Die Spröde* is a coy tale of a young woman whose beauty was so admirable that she had suitors offering her anything they could just to have her hand but the music tells a different story. The minor key and folk-like melody makes the piece more nostalgic and almost somber. The narrator can be seen as the young woman once her youth and beauty fades, thinking back on her romantic endeavors but having been left with no one to share her days with.

*Elfenlied* takes us on the enchanting and somewhat humorous journey of a sleepy elf. From tip toeing away from his snail-shell home to peeking in to see a wedding feast, we are stimulated with vivid imagery and life.

*Der Tambour* is the story of a young drummer boy who was sent to France to fight in the Napoleonic wars. This song is illustrative and humorous but it is also very melancholic as the boy describes all of the glorious food he and the other soldiers would be able to eat if his mother could perform magic to bring her home cooking to him. The accompaniment supports this lofty tale with a rolling bass which replicates the rolling beat of a drum and the rhythmic structure which recreates a march.

## **Lagrima Mie**

**Barbara Strozzi** (1619-1677) is said to be the most prolific composer of printed secular music in 17th century Vienna. Strozzi was one of the only recognized female composers of her time and she was an anomaly in this way as women still weren't seen as a part of the classical music scene until hundreds of years later. Strozzi pursued her passion for music and poetry even when the societal pressures pushed her to keep these interests private and out of the public eye. At the time it was acceptable and encouraged for women to have musical capabilities but they weren't meant to be put on display and in no way were women meant to have their works published. Strozzi was not only a pioneer because of the fact that she was a woman but she was also completely innovative within her compositions and the attention she paid to the poetry of her compositions. *Lagrima Mie* is captivating; it is composed of several different sections which feel like individual pieces on their own but when they come together, they create a novel in which each section is a different chapter of an ongoing story. Strozzi brings the lyrics to life by prioritizing storytelling within her compositions which is something I am very drawn to.

These Strangers is a set of pieces composed by **Jake Heggie** (1961-Present) that bring together four people's drastically different stories to highlight a common connection-being a stranger. Each poem was written by a person who has experienced the gut wrenching feeling of being alone and finding themselves a stranger to the people

around them. The marriage of these poems demonstrates that no matter how far apart we are in space and time, we all know the need of comfort and the need of people to confide in. When we have had to spend nearly a full year without the ability to meet people, embrace, or laugh together, I believe this message is more important than ever.

The reason for each person's separation from the familiar is different but the longing, pain, confusion, and even desperation that each person felt speaks volumes within the settings of these poems. This fact is especially evident when looking at the second piece in the set, *In the Midst of Thousands*, the text of which was taken from Frederick Douglass's autobiography *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave*, written by himself, 1845. Frederick Douglass's autobiography is an artfully-written piece that details his life as an enslaved person and opened the eyes of Americans to what truly happens on slave plantations. We follow the life of Frederick Douglass from his childhood to his young adult life and follow his retelling of the horrors that he and other enslaved people endured. He also described the risk he took fighting for his own freedom along with the freedom of all black people in America. He not only risked his life escaping to the North, but he risked his life to write this book. He had full knowledge that using his real name, using the names of his captors, and describing his life in detail could have had him killed or dragged back into the depths of slavery but still he chose to share his story and shine a light on the atrocities that were being committed under the laws America upheld. Frederick Douglass even had to risk his safety and his life to learn how to read and write, something most of us take for granted every day. While reading his autobiography and learning *In the Midst of Thousands*, I was constantly reminded of the reason I make music and the reason I wanted to sing this song. I want to amplify Frederick Douglass's voice in any way I can and I want to share the words he worked so hard and risked so much to write.

*These Strangers* is set to a poem by Emily Dickinson about being called upon for protection by refugees. This poem outlines her belief that what you do to others will be done to you as she states "Befriend them lest yourself in heaven be found a refugee." This short poem carries so much weight when close attention is paid to the movement of the melodic line and the bass line of the accompaniment. An example of this can be found within the first line on "protection asked, of me" the melody on the word "me" shifts up and down chromatically; this melodic tension shows discomfort which suggests that providing this protection is a heavy weight to bear.

As mentioned, *In the Midst of Thousands* was extracted from Chapter 11 of Frederick Douglass's *Autobiography*. The piece outlines the time between his escape and when he was able to find companionship with others. Within this period of time, he was completely alone having left all that he knew in the South. The upper register of the accompaniment is restless which shows the fear and unease that can be found within the text. The lower register of the accompaniment features an upwards moving scale before the first lines of text start within the vocal line like the memories were being dragged up from the bass all the way to the melody.

*I Did Not Speak Out* is set to a famous quote spoken by Martin Niemöller about his experience living in Nazi Germany. Martin Niemöller was originally a supporter of Adolf Hitler but turned away from these beliefs. He then became one of the founders of The Confessing Church which opposed the Nazification of German Protestant churches. He was imprisoned in two concentration camps for his role within the Confessing Church and was almost executed. After his time spent in the camps, he went on to become a pacifist, anti-war activist, and expressed that he deeply regretted the fact that he did not do more to help people who were victims of the Nazi horrors. This regret, horror, and guilt is very evident within the setting of this piece. Throughout the piece, the accompaniment repeats a staccato low E-flat that contrasts the rest of the accompaniment's melodic line. The E-flat is a continuous warning that more and more groups of people are being targeted by the Nazi state. This foreshadows the line "Then they came for me," which is where the piece had been traveling all along.

*To a Stranger* is set to a poem by Walt Whitman which is very different from the other pieces because of the hope, longing, and desperation within the text. While the other pieces are from the perspective of hindsight or contemplation, this piece is vividly present. From the frantic nature of the accompaniment to the syncopation in the vocal line it is clear that what is driving this piece is the desperation and needs of the speaker as they are reaching towards a captivating stranger. There is a tenderness and joy that we don't see in the other pieces because the speaker is actively trying to familiarize themselves with a stranger; they are not trapped without a way to find comfort. This poem is a declaration addressed to someone Walt Whitman met in passing. The poem shows his contempt for the societal norms that deem speaking candidly to a stranger as rude and the poem acts as a bridge between him and the person he saw but was never able to truly meet.

**Jean Sibelius** (1865-1957) is widely known for his symphonies and tone poems which makes his art songs interesting and lively. He brings the same dramatism and collaboration that can be found within orchestral pieces into his art song with texture, intricacy, and dynamics. All of the pieces in this set feature a very strong and dynamic relationship between the accompaniment and the vocal line which creates a fullness and grandness that is unique to the compositions of Sibelius.

*Svarta Rosor* is a beautifully constructed piece that shows the weight of grief and depression. The accompaniment rolls up and down the scale like waves of sorrow while the melodic line is declamatory as the speaker is getting an unbearable weight off of their chest.

*Drömmen* starts with accompaniment that is heavy and dragging as the speaker describes laying in bed and forgetting all hardships as they fall asleep. The weight of the speaker's life melts away as the mood changes into a light and dreamy soundscape when a fair maiden appears within a dream. We are ripped out of this fantasy and awoken from the dream with a feeling of sorrow and loss. The melodic structure moves into a sequence as the speaker realizes that it was all a dream and the piece settles into a feeling of discomfort and loneliness.

*Var det en dröm?* is an exquisite representation of human emotion and the way it moves through the brain and body. From the fluid movement within the accompaniment to the flowing line of the melody the mood this piece is able to capture and create is irreplaceable. We are thrust into the torment of lost love that seems to be so far away now that it could have all been a dream. Along with this loss is the knowledge that they will never experience a love like that again.